

# JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

# A Chronicle Society

Susan Dear, I am a queer summer this has been! The grass is as green as in Maytime, the trees also, and nowhere is there a trace of the parched and dusty look that has come to be associated with the very name, of August—and August is but two days off—in town.

Even the hot wave of last week brought so much moisture with it that it seemed leaving the town as green and lovely as before. Nevertheless, the August exodus is well under way, and even the fact that the President and Mrs. Wilson are still in residence at the White House adds no definite date to the exodus of the summer residents. Can keep down from being a bit comatose.

All week I have been reading the various editions of the Washington Times. I have noticed how many of them have been modeled after his best known verses and how many are in the range of poems selected for the Raggedy Man, "Little Orphan Annie," "Locke Street," "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," and half a dozen others have been selected by some rhymer and set to music, which to express his sorrow in the death of the poet and his debt to him.

Question of Greatness Does Not Apply. Of course, there are already some who say, "Was Riley a great poet?" Probably he wasn't, but does that matter in the case of a man who could charm so many with his homely songs?

A good many years ago in the little town of Greencastle, Ind., two lads were reading law in the office of Hamilton Dumbler. One of them was my father and the other was James Whitcomb Riley. The two were great chums, and what mischief one did not conceive was hatched in the fertile brain of the other. My father used to tell me that Riley was the most pranksome boy who ever grew up. On one occasion he was hard on his father, Judge Riley, would do nothing for him, feeling that he had been doing too much playing and not enough work, so young Riley conceived a brilliant idea. Picking a dark night, he hired a wagon and took from his father's cellar an entire load of wood that he had just purchased. Next day he donned overalls and a battered hat, drove up to his own father's door, and sold him the load of wood.

Started Making Verses Early in Life. Whitcomb's father and father used often to spend the night together, and even then the young man was constantly making verses. He used to get up in the night to write down some rhyme that he kept to him upon a slate he had by his bed for the purpose. He would then get up, dressed him, the poem would be transferred to a more permanent medium. If not, it would receive short shrift, and be forgotten. One night he dreamed one night he was being teased to play—you know he had a talent for music as well as verse making—and his father used to give great pleasure to the young people, and when he looked at his slate, he found the rhyme "My friends the moments I delay may music to begin." In a clever music than I play upon my violin.

Hamilton Dumbler died when the two boys, both of whom admired and loved him, were studying with him. Riley was heartbroken, and five or ten years later, when he was a young man, he wrote a poem about him, and it was published in a small Western paper, was sent to me. I lost them and have been regretting it ever since.

Admiral Fluke Walks. Tim Thunderous Miles. It seems to me that a man who can walk ten miles in a thunder storm on a day as hot as last Thursday surely can be of use to the navy even though he has passed his sixty-second birthday. Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N., retired, who is spending the summer at Heaton Hall in Stockbridge, Mass., walked from his hotel to Lenox and back in a rain storm and finished in excellent form despite the fact that it was the hottest day of the season. Now, you know, such a man should not be on the retired list—particularly if he has as brilliant a mind and is a good fighter.

About six feet seven, very handsome and decidedly brawny is the description which a man gave me of the Medical Reserve Corps of the army, who is to arrive at Fort Meyer in a few days to relieve Maj. Raymond Metcalfe when he goes to the border. Major Metcalfe has only been at Fort Meyer a few weeks, and was hardly settled before he received orders to depart. His family who are occupying the quarters, which Lieut. Burt Simpson had before he went to Sandy Hook will remain at Fort Meyer.

Of course the next question we want to ask, Susan, is, has the new doctor a family? As the only bachelor at that post is just engaged, another unattached man, particularly if he answers such a description as was given me, would be a welcome addition.

The only excitement at Fort Meyer in the last few months has been the two parties which the militia have arranged. The first was a dance in the Administration building when all of the officers at the post, both regulars and volunteers, and half of the town turned out and had a jolly time. Last week they staged a vaudeville performance, followed by a dance in the camp, which was equally well attended.

Informal supper parties, too, are another form of entertainment, popular at the post. Mrs. Clemens McMillan entertained a jolly party of thirteen last Sunday night, and tonight, Mrs. Lewis Forrester will be hostess at a supper. Both Captain Forrester and Captain McMillan are "somewhere in Mexico."

Burlison Girls Still On a Wyoming Ranch. Letters from the little Burlison girls are filled with glowing accounts of the joys of Eaton's Ranch, in Wyoming, where they are spending the summer. All their hopes, fed by the tales of those who had been there before are realized, they say, and their days are one jolly round of horseback riding, trout fishing in the clear cool mountain streams and similar sports. Doesn't it sound alluring on a hot day?



MRS. ROBERT U. PATTERSON, Wife of Major Patterson, U. S. A.

so sleepy that there's no keeping awake.

The girls are expecting to leave Eaton's on August 6 for a three weeks' trip on horseback through Yellowstone Park. Then they'll return to the ranch for September, and in October they'll go to San Antonio to see their sister, Mrs. Richard Van Wyck Negley, and the babies.

That they'll go to Texas if things are normal there. If there's any great movement of troops on hand, or much illness, or anything of the sort their mother may decide that they'd better come straight home.

Sidney is due back in October anyway for the opening of George Washington University, where she will enter on her senior year, but she plans, if all goes well, to stay away a little longer and make up for her work later. Lucy, you remember, is graduated from G. W. U. last spring.

When Lucy and Sidney went West two weeks or so ago Mrs. Robert Hinkley and Gladys were expecting to go to Eaton's Ranch, for to one of the ranches nearby in case they couldn't get in there, for a few weeks, after a trip through Yellowstone Park. However, I saw by the paper a little while ago that they had gone to Canada; so they may have changed their plans.

There was, indeed, a serious doubt that the Eatons could take them in, for the place is tremendously popular with people who go back year after year; and Mrs. Burison told me that the girls had to delay their start for two or three weeks before they could secure accommodations.

Mrs. C. L. Perkins Back to Washington. Poor little Gladys Pedlar, now Mrs. Clarence Lee Perkins, and widow almost before she was wed, is back in Washington. Several years ago her sister, Jean Pedlar, married E. Carleton Baker, American consul at Nagasaki, and went to live in Japan. Gladys was asked to visit her, and on the steamer going out she met Mr. Perkins, a fine young chap, a graduate of Yale and an employee of the Standard Oil Company.

Business took him to Shanghai, but the young people kept up a vigorous correspondence and he managed an occasional visit to Shanghai until the Japanese situation ripened into a real romance. When the Bakers decided to come home on leave two months or so ago, he persuaded Gladys to marry him at once and they sailed for their honeymoon on the same ship.

On their arrival in this country came a family reunion when the bride and bridegroom and Mr. and Mrs. Baker were the guests of Mrs. Pedlar, at the little home, at 1010 Vermont Avenue. Gladys went on to New York to visit her brother and sister-in-law, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Carl Pedlar and to introduce her new husband to them. They all took in the boat races at New London and had a perfectly gorgeous time.

able for trains to get through for days. Of course, if there had been anything seriously wrong they could have managed to telegraph, but still it's most uncomfortable not to be able to receive letters.

Mrs. Mills has decided to spend a month or six weeks at Martha's Vineyard, and will be with her, and that is such a delightful place for children. Then, when she comes home in the fall Mrs. Chester Mills and the baby, Marshall Mills, will come for her for a long visit. Lieutenant Mills expected to be ordered back to this country in September, but will probably be detained longer in the Philippines as owing to the trouble in Mexico no officers already in the islands are being relieved, nor are any new ones being sent out.

General Mills is hoping to be able to join the little family at Martha's Vineyard later on, but as chief of the militia division, he is naturally scandalously busy, and there's no telling when he can get away.

Gatewood Family Dispersed for Summer. How the Gatewood family are scattered this summer! Hallie, Mrs. Jenkins, is at Newport, with the baby, and will be with her, and that is such a delightful place for children. Then, when she comes home in the fall Mrs. Chester Mills and the baby, Marshall Mills, will come for her for a long visit.

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to Fort Terry, N. Y., where, if you please, he "met his fate." His engagement to a Miss Oakley, of New York, of whom I hear the most delightful things, was announced not long ago and they are to be married in August. The place selected, curiously enough, is the little Episcopal church on Chapel Island, a wooded inlet which sticks up out of Esopus Lake almost in front of the camp. The Gatewoods had last year. Miss Oakley and her family are staying at the Point.

Capt. Stuart Godfrey Detailed for Duty Here. Capt. Stuart Godfrey, who like Captain North and Lieutenant Brice is an instructor at West Point, has been detailed to Washington on temporary duty. His wife, who was Dorothy Rich, joined him last week and they will be the guests of Stuart's sister, Mrs. L. B. Swornsted, until the end of August, when they are due to go back to West Point.

I understand that Stuart has recently been made assistant professor—if that's the proper title—for the instructor at the Military Academy, which is both a promotion and an honor. He is a classmate of West Point and one of them were stationed at Washington Barracks two or three years ago.

British Officer Sends Farewell. Do you realize that I said something several weeks ago about our meeting a particularly interesting British army officer who was here on leave—and diplomatic business? His name, if you have forgotten, was Norman Thwaites, British born, university bred, American experienced, and here on leave from the real incidents of the line in Flanders.

Well, Captain Thwaites hurried back to England the other day, and along came, presently, a letter. It was sealed with very bold announcement that it had been "OPENED BY CENSORSHIP," and was in the stationery of the Constable Club of London. The paper and envelope bore the black lines of mourning, and everything in Europe does so, nowadays.

"My plans are rather uncertain," he wrote, "but I expect to go out to the French front, where I am to stay for a period. Whether I am to return to America later on I don't yet know, but I think quite probably I shall."

Do you realize what that really meant, Susan? It was his quiet way of saying goodbye. The same day that letter came, the newspapers told that over 4,000 British officers had been killed or captured in three weeks. Captain Thwaites just wanted us to know he was going to the front. That is about all that an officer needs to say by way of saying goodbye. I am to return to America later on I don't know!

What a specimen of British incapacity to be sentimental! I don't think I need to prove that he could be sentimental, after the things I have heard about him. He could have written, "I am to go to the front, and I am to stay for a period. Whether I am to return to America later on I don't know!" and I'm told that he hasn't the courage to ask! Aren't men funny?

Chases Off With Lieutenant Thompson. Mrs. Volney Chase, with her two daughters, Elizabeth and Susanne, and Lieut. John McD. Thompson, left town yesterday in "Tommy's" car for Jamestown, N. H., where the Chase will spend the summer. Lieut. Thompson, who is a member of the Constable Club, where Tommy will stay until the expiration of his leave. On the way they'll stop at West Point, where Lieut. Thompson has been in town for several weeks now, recuperating from a broken leg and an attack of typhoid fever.

Tommy has been in town for several weeks now, recuperating from a broken leg and an attack of typhoid fever. When the Mexican trouble first "broke," and was put in charge of what the girls call "the motor cycle," Tommy was accompanied by a troop of motorcycle mounted men with guns—in fact, the first motorcycle battery organized for the American army.

I don't know just how he came to break his leg, but at any rate he had an attack of typhoid fever, a complication, and although he's now convalescent, he hasn't yet got his strength back. He's still on sick leave.

Washington Colony Grows On the North Shore. With half of Washington society already gathered in that alluring little corner of the North Shore, which includes East Gloucester and Bass Rocks, Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Mann are trying—with small difficulty I assure you—to inveigle the other half to join them as their guests. The Washington colony there is flourishing and promises to grow even larger.

The Reeves Lewises are occupying the same cottage they had last year, and May Adams, who has Mrs. Buchanan Merryman and Margaret Howard with her, has a delightful cottage at Bass Rocks which she leased way last fall. Mrs. William Barrett Rickard, who is a part of the colony, will close their beautiful old place, "Hays," near Chevy Chase Lake, tomorrow, and will join that jolly throng for the remainder of the summer.

But to return to the Manns. They have had guest after guest ever since they took possession of their cottage at Bass Rocks, and are planning one continuous house party for the month of August. They will probably leave Massachusetts early in September to spend the early fall at their country place at Bramwell, W. Va.

And Mrs. Larkin W. Glassebrook, Adolphus Staten, Ridley McLean, and a number of other interesting folk have been asked to visit them for August or a part thereof. Beanie Hickory is their guest now and will probably remain some time. However, it quite inconceivable that Mrs. Glassebrook, who is one of the few bachelors the Mexican

situation and the hot weather have left for the stay-at-home hostesses to invite to their informal parties.

Capital Also Represented At Beverly and Manchester. Washington is equally well represented at Beverly, Manchester, and Magnolia, the more fashionable quarter of the North Shore. The Axel Wichfeldts are at Swiftmore; Mr. Letter has joined his family at Edgewater; the Williams family has demolished nearby, and Julie and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes are at the delightful seaside home where he spent his summer as a boy. The Holmes' place is at Beverly, which the justice's father used always to call "Hedgeby-the-Depot" in friendly mockery of the name Manchester by the Sea, affected by the summer residents of the town.

Dr. Lewis Back at Home In Bethesda After Visit. Dr. John Lewis is back at his home in Bethesda after a visit in Virginia in the neighborhood of the old home at Tappahannock. He also took a trip in the lower waters of the Potomac and the Rappahannock with the governor of Virginia, Henry Carter Stuart, and the two men were entertained by Governor Harrison of Maryland.

Moreover, the two governors had a conference to discuss the "radio" cooperation in their handling of the violators of the oyster laws. Often a conference of this kind is held in Virginia and the two men, or vice versa, and the need to "get together" is the result. It is a very oysterman to escape capture.

And Now More Plans For Navy League Branch. Elizabeth Sillicott Poe has gone to Wakefield to spend a few days with Mrs. George Barnett, and I'm willing to wager that the two of them are busy discussing plans for the Women's Section of the Navy League in general and the National Service School Alumnae in particular.

Now that nearly everybody is out of town the classes meet only every other day. They have a Red Cross nurse to see that everything is done correctly and you'd be surprised to know how many of the nurses, scientific and sagacious in every respect, have been completed and laid away for future use.

Mrs. Julian James, who has just gone to New York, called away by the illness of a friend, I think, Mrs. Charles L. James, who is a friend of the late Mrs. Natalie Lincoln, these are a few of the women who have been steady in their attendance at the surgical dressings class all summer.

Honor Roll Is Feature Of Alumnae Association. The honor roll is a feature of the newly organized Alumnae Association of the First National Service School, which has been formed to bind the women who took the course together into an organization at once permanent and qualified to be useful.

Of these camps, the one at San Francisco which opened on June 1, and will close September 1, is the most important in point of numbers. Its alumnae will number 5,000. There is to be a camp at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, just outside of Chicago and under the auspices of the Chicago branch of the Women's Section of the Navy League, from August 1 to September 1, and another at Narragansett Pier from September 6 to 20.

Mrs. Vylla Poe Wilson Helping Organize Camp. Mrs. Vylla Poe Wilson, who was adjutant at the National Service School at West Point, is helping to organize the camp at Chicago; and who do you suppose is one of her ablest lieutenants—Lolla Armour. While I was in Chicago she announced that she was going to Mexico as a Red Cross nurse—she could, too, at a pinch, for she has actually had a proper hospital course—doctor who was imported at fabulous expense. Now she's as healthy as you please and unusually active.

There now, I'm afraid I've worn your patience thin and must pause to draw breath.

Yours fondly, JEAN ELIOT.

# STORY TELLING FOR CHILDREN POPULAR

The Story Telling circles, under the auspices of the Georgetown Citizens' Association, are one of the most interesting branches of welfare work in the District.

The story telling idea was originated some years ago by a number of Georgetown women, the plan resulting from an effort to keep the little children from playing in the streets, and give them a real diversion during the summer when "there ain't nothin' much to do," as one little fellow expressed it.

Miss Mary Parker is at the head of the work this summer, and the success with which she is conducting it can be best seen by the enthusiasm of the little boys and girls who gather at the different meetings in their neighborhoods.

There are five of these circles in Georgetown this summer, one for each of the districts where the little children most need them. It is no easy task to keep the attention of a dozen to thirty little tots when the sun is shining and the birds are singing out doors, and the whole inborn instinct of every little boy is calling "baseball," but as soon as the children take their seats in a circle around the story teller, every thing else is forgotten except the subject in hand.

The little girls bring their sewing, and this is a secret reminder—many of the little boys who would at other times scoff at such a thing, bring their fancy work varied patterns, and after Miss Parker has gotten them all started by threading their needles, they sit with bended heads over their sewing and most need them.

And after the little ones get tired of hearing "nothin' but stories," Miss Parker begins by asking a riddle. And this is a secret reminder—many of the little boys who would at other times scoff at such a thing, bring their fancy work varied patterns, and after Miss Parker has gotten them all started by threading their needles, they sit with bended heads over their sewing and most need them.

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ran out home, eagerly looking forward to the next meeting of the story telling circles.

And the biggest event of the whole two months' series of meetings is the picnic given to each group by their leader. Miss Parker has each of the children bring their lunches, and she herself furnishes some dainties for the little ones, and early in the morning they troop away.

Sometimes they go to the woods in Rock Creek Park, other times they get on the street car and take a trip out in the country. It all depends upon the wishes of the mothers and Miss Parker's judgment.

And after the picnic lunch and the little feet are tired of running and jumping, they take their favorite positions around the story teller and she recites to them the favorite old fairy tales of "Once, long time ago," ones familiar to little children the whole world over, and which are becoming known to the fortunate little children of Georgetown.

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